

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #1]

INTERVIEW WITH VITO CACCIOLA

No. 1 [Conn>.]

[1938-9?]

The business, it is not so good. What difference? I have the music. I work, I sing, and I praise the Lord. The [Moni?] is fine, but it don't make the rich man happy. Some Italians have the [moni?]. They own the store and the house. They shoot down street in the car. They no stop when they see me. They no say: 'Vito, come have the ride.' No, no. They put the noses in the air and honk the horn. But what I care. I laugh when I work. The rich man he look worried like he meet the, what you call him — the ghost. He look sour like the lemon. He forget the glory of God.

Have I vote today? No, why should I vote?

I am the citizen. I got my the papers. But citizenship is joost the shadow. What it get you?

Freedom; what's that? It make me free to pay the tax and to die. It is joost the same like Italy.

Some times I vote. Today I no know the politicos. They no speak to Vito. My vote it is no count. It is the same I no vote. They promise today, yes. Tomorrow they tell you, Vito he can go to hell!

Some good politicos, yes. Joost like a thief. They no knock you down when they take your mon'. 1 BY Morton R. Lovett "Hello, Mr. Lovett. I hope I find you well.

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De business, it's not so good. Whata difference. I have a de music. (Wid food for de belly and a song in my heart, whata more do I need.) I work and I sing and praisa de Lord.

Sure money is fine, but it don't maka de rich man happy. Some Italians get money; dey owna de stores and de houses. Dey shoota down de street in autos. Dey no stop when day see me. Dey neber say - 'Vito, come hava de ride. Oh no. Dey puta de noses in de air and honka de horn. But whata I care. I laugh when I work. De rich man he looka worried like he meeta de, what you call him, de ghost. He looka sour like de lemon. He forgeta de glory of God.

have I voted today? No why shoud I vota?

Yes, I am de citizen. I gotta my papers. But citizenship dats justa de shadow. What it get you.

Freedom; what's dat? It make me free to pay tax and to die. Dey have de same freedom in Italy.

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Sure some times I vote. Today I no know de polliticos. Dey don't knowa me. My vote never count. One vote, what gooda, that? Any way deys always de same. Dey promise you someting today. Tomorrow dey tell you, Go to Hell! Whena de election over de shoemaker no good.

Yes dere are some good politicos. Dere are some good thieves. Dey don't knocka you down when dey taka your money.